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Original Communications.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

Friendship.

BY WILLIAM B. WOOD, M. D.

"In the bright eye of Hesper, or the moon,
In nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous Friendship?"

There's nothing in the bright array,
That gilds Aurora's orient flame,
Which sheds so pure, so sweet a ray,
As Friendship's constant, sacred name!
'Tis written in the tears that stand
A moment sparkling in the eye,
When wrecked upon the ocean's strand,
The *stranger* soothes the *wrecked one's* sigh!

'Tis written in the sacred spell,
That links two absent hearts as one—
Which speaks in every bosom swell,
The same deep, deep devoted tone.
'Tis felt in every lengthened sigh
That's breathed around the *stranger's* bier,
While to his peaceful memory
Is paid the tribute of a *tear*!

'Tis seen in every melting glance
That from the *Mother's* eyelids gleams—
And pictured in the tears that dance
Within that eyelid's radiant beams;
When to her throbbing breast she clasps
The child on which she dotes full well—
And folded to her bosom—gasps
Her last, fond, parting word, *farewell*!

When cast upon some distant shore,
Far, far from home—where strangers dwell—
Where kindred tongues are heard no more,
And kindred bosoms cease to swell—
When, on the gloomy couch of death
The *traveller's fever'd* brow is prest,
Friendship will soften every breath,
And hold him to her quiet breast.

There's nought beneath the light of heaven,
'Mid all that's bright, and glad, and blest—
Nor aught that's seen at summer's even
Within the golden, glittering west,
So pure, so fair, so rich, so bright,
So like the brilliant gems that stray
Along the eternal throne of light,
As pure *devoted friendship's* ray!

New River, La. Jan. 1st, 1841.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.

The Young Governor.

BY LUCY SEYMOUR.

"All thy pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy wealth and pride."

The scene was a magnificently furnished hall crowded with guests—the time, the reign of Charles I. when gayety and licentiousness went hand in hand, and living for the gratification of the present only, men seemed to forget that they were accountable beings. It was the birthday of Catharine Clarendon, and numbers were assembled there to do honor to the highborn and beautiful heiress, who conscious of her power and many attractions received their homage as her due, and parried gracefully and sportively the honeyed flatteries poured in profusion into her ear. One stood aloof in that brilliant crowd who neither courted nor applauded, and yet, perhaps, there was no heart there, whose devotion that petted favorite so desired to win. In contemplative, even melancholy silence he regarded the gay company around him, and if his eye was directed to the young beauty, she felt it spoke less of admiration than displeasure.

"Who is that grave and handsome knight? Do tell me Kate: I am dying to know," asked Lady Mary Marchmont of Catharine Clarendon.

"Is it possible you do not know? That is Henry Vane: I told you we expected him to-day."

"Indeed! He is not what I imagined him to be. I should suppose, just released from that odious college at Geneva, where they are all so dull and gloomy, he would be so lively and happy. He has but just returned to England I hear."

"Yes, a few days, only. But you should remember, Mary, he went voluntarily to Geneva. He likes gloom I fancy, for he seems the personification of it. He has not paid me a compliment since his arrival."

"Oh! but he is so interesting, when you do win them they will be doubly valuable. I am told his talents are of the first order, and it is thought he will have a high place at court. It could not be otherwise, since his father is a minister of state, and he has every personal recommendation. But Saltonstall says he is very odd! talks of corruption in the church, civil and religious liberty, and all that sort of thing. He was surprised when I told him you expected him here. He thought he would not come."

"Would not come!" exclaimed Catharine scornfully, like one whose invitations were not wont to be rejected.

Henry Vane was her distant relative. They had been playmates in childhood, and after he went to college she had received several letters from him, to some of which she had replied. As time went by their correspondence had ceased, and new objects and intercourse with the gay world had banished almost the memory of Henry Vane from the bosom of his cousin. His return to his native country had revived dormant recollections, and his grave calm manner and apparent unsusceptibility in that susceptible period, had piqued her vanity, and excited a determination to add his name to the list of her many conquests. There might seem to be little sympathy or congeniality between the student of Geneva and the lively coquette, yet opposites sometimes attract each other, and the practised eye of the watchful Catharine ere long detected a dawning interest for herself in the reserved young Puritan. All the graces of her character were called into requisition to strengthen and confirm her conquest, and she felt that an avowal was already on his lips, only waiting an opportunity. She had not yet decided whether she should really accept him. She knew that he was one who would not be contented with an evasive reply. Henry Vane would never figure among the bevy of half hoping, half despairing lovers who wait on the caprices of a coquette. There must be sincerity in her first reply. Perhaps she was not wholly confident of her own feelings, and wished to defer scrutinising her heart. He whom she had marked for her victim without any regard to his future happiness, was more generous than herself. Much as he was interested in her resolve, he yet determined to present to her view the true state of his affairs, ere her affections were deeply entangled. He defeated her efforts to delay an explanation, and would be heard. "I have a petition to lay before you, lady Catharine," he said tenderly but seriously, "I intreat your attention for one hour. Let those people wait; their errand cannot be so important as mine." "You cannot know," she sportively remonstrated, and would have persisted, but he added, "for your own sake, Catharine, you must hear me." Briefly but eloquently was his story told. He had imbibed the rigid principles of Calvin, had investigated those tenets amidst the lofty sublimity of Swiss scenery—his court—he turned in disgust from its frivolities in abhorrence from its vices, and disapprobation from the pomp and form of Romish despotism. He purposed seeking a home on American soil, and exemplifying in a distant land the simplicity and purity of the gospel precepts. He said that he loved Catharine truly—devotedly. If she could forsake the luxuries of her early years, the gaieties of her present lot and be *his*, he would endeavor to prove his appreciation of her disinterested affection. He paused. She spoke scornfully and indignantly—expressed her wonder at his presumption, and observed that he must have estimated his merits very highly to conclude that she would renounce affluence for poverty—elegance for vulgarity—splendor for insignificance and hardship, all for the great privilege of becoming his wife. She forgot that he was about to sacrifice all, and more than brightened her pathway, for "freedom to worship God" according to the dictates of his own conscience. True it was his choice to do so; but had he asked her to act against her will? No: ere he had won or required a word of confessed regard, he had clearly, fully revealed his sentiments and prospects. Her resentment then was misplaced, uncalled for. But Catharine now felt that in seeking to capture his heart, she had lost her own, and was indignant that he should have compelled her to ensure her happiness at a price so costly.

"I will not *do* it, never!" thought she, and forced back the tears which would have betrayed her emotions. The brow of the young man slightly contracted, his lips compressed, and he passed his hand across his eyes.

"It is well," he calmly replied, though there was a tremor in his tone, "It was an illusion, and I would not recall it. Yet I had not expected such a haughty denial, such a hasty decision. I will not inquire if the same had been given to Sir Henry Vane, possessed of all his ancestral honors. It would avail me nothing now to know that I could have obtained under any circumstances, the hand of Catharine Clarendon. May he to whom that honor is awarded, be gifted with as true a heart, and a less presumptuous mind, than I!—Farewell, Lady Catharine! we shall meet no more!"

The door closed upon him. She sprang from her seat and locked it, then threw herself upon the floor, and, burying her face in the sofa's crimson cushions, wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed. Yet she could not believe he would quit her thus forever. If he loved her, he certainly would return,—and on that hope she lived, until tidings came from a source she could not doubt, that the vessel which bore him, had sailed for its distant port. Lady Catharine's step again mingled in the dance, and her voice was as glad and as sweet as ever. Many suitors bowed to her, and she smiled upon them, but when they urged her to name a speedy day, each expecting to call her bride, she laughed at their silly hopes, and declared she never thought a mere flirtation could go so far! One by one they left her side, the haughty and the amiable alike; and she, the courted and the gifted, was left to solitude and memory.

* * * * * *

In a neat but lowly dwelling in the colony of Massachusetts, we again present Catharine Clarendon to the reader. Her appearance is somewhat changed since we last pictured her. She looks scarcely older, but her features wear a chastened expression, and her dress is simple and of no costly material. Weary of the world and herself, in a moment of adventurous impulse she had quitted her magnificent home, and with one of the many bands of "pilgrims," who sought a refuge in the new world had come to the shores of New England. Her residence was now the house of a young minister and his sister,—the latter, the plighted bride of the Governor of the colony, who was then absent with her brother, endeavoring to quell a purposed incursion of the Indians. Constance Roswell was a fair delicate girl, whose constitution seemed but little adapted to the privations she had encountered, but hers was a noble and energetic spirit.—Catharine had been for some weeks her constant companion.

"Really, Catharine, I am much indebted to you for your kind nursing. Henry will hardly know me when he returns. You have made me quite another being."

A flush passed over the pale face of the invalid, and as Catharine met her bright yet soft eye, she marvelled at her exceeding beauty. She had named her brother, but Catharine felt it was of her lover she thought.

"I rejoice that I could contribute to your comfort, sweet lady, but I am the obliged party. 'I was a stranger and you took me in.'"

"It is part of our religion to protect strangers, and we deem it a privilege; but they do not always come like you, in an angel's guise," returned Constance, affectionately,—"I owe you much. Henry must help me to repay you. I would you could see my brother, Catharine."

"Is he like you?"

"Somewhat, but much more handsome. Then he is so good! You know not how I love him."

"You were both born in England?" asked Catharine.

"Yes, the only children of a minister. On his deathbed he counselled us to come hither, where none could interfere with our religious liberty."

"You have endured many hardships, I imagine?" inquired Catharine.

"Yes, many, but have had sweet blessings to balance them. It was a trial to say farewell to the graves of our parents, and our childhood's home, but duty called us, and God has been with us. There were those too, in the same vessel, who left even more than we did—renounced all the world calls valuable. Sir Henry Vane."

"Sir Henry Vane," interrupted Catharine almost shrieking, "was *he* with you?"

"Yes, do you know him?"

"Know him!" she said hysterically.—Her story was soon told, her love, her grief, her penitence—and the Puritan maiden wept while she listened, with her face on her clasped hands, and at the close, kissed her kindly, and bade her hope that she would again meet her lover under more propitious circumstances, and all might yet be well.

"Is he in the colony?" asked Catharine, earnestly.

"Yes! have you not heard of him since you came?"

"No, how should I? I have no friends here but you, and those who brought me. I have had no desire to quit your dwelling—and here, you know, dear lady, none are talked of but your brother and the Governor."

"True," said Constance, musingly, "but call me lady no more. You know I am but a minister's daughter,—you are of high birth."

"You are noble in yourself," said Catharine, "and are to be the Governor's bride; and all speak of him as noble—as no ordinary person."

"He is no ordinary person. But go now, Catharine, to my little study. You will find books there. I did not sleep well last night, and would be alone."

* * * * * *

"Where is my sister?" inquired Henry Roswell, three days after, as he entered his own house with his friend the Governor.

"Miss Constance is in the little back parlor, sir. She is not so well."

"Not so well! Do you mean that she has been ill?" hurriedly interrogated the Governor.

"She was very sick after your departure, sir. Then she grew better—but for the last two days she has appeared worse, and weaker."

The two friends paused only to have their arrival announced, and hastened to the object of their solicitude. Miss Roswell met them both with much agitation. She attempted to rise from the couch on which she half-sat, half reclined, but had nearly fainted in the effort.

"You have been ill, very ill, my own Constance," exclaimed her lover, with deep and sincere tenderness, "and I was far away. Would that I had not left you!"

"You were performing your duty," she gently whispered, "and I was well attended. I am so glad you have returned," she added with sudden animation. "I thought the last few days interminable!"

An hour after, Henry Roswell had gone out on some parochial duty, and the Governor was alone with his promised bride. Catharine Clarendon had been performing some little household office at the request of her friend, and hearing from an attendant that Mr. Roswell had gone out accompanied by the Governor, again sought the companionship of Constance. She had reached the adjoining room; the door which led to the apartment tenanted by Constance was ajar, and she was about to open it, and enter, when a voice whose tones she was destined never to forget, met her ear. She paused spell-bound, and the low but distinct words were clearly heard.—

"Never! ask it not. Having once rooted her from my heart, and enshrined there the sweet and gentle image of Constance Roswell, I could not recall hers if I would. It was a vision of my boyhood, at which I now wonder, and can even smile. No, Constance, I can love none but you. If your spirit must so soon seek its home in Heaven, my affections shall go hither with it. In your sympathy with feelings of whose existence I know not how you heard, and which, I doubt, do not forget mine. If Catharine Clarendon be indeed the altered being your informer asserts, you, she can yet be nothing to me." A sound of woe in the next room caused Constance to grasp the speaker's arm. She sprang from her seat and entered it. There was no one to be seen.

The young Governor and Henry Vane were indeed the same. His unprecedented popularity which he undoubtedly owed, chiefly to his firm adherence to the principles of civil and religious liberty, had obtained for him, at the early age of twenty-four, the first office in the colony.

Catharine Clarendon left the house of her friend, and long was it ere that friend's unwearying and anxious search could discover her humble abode. Consumption is slow, though sure in its progress. Constant Roswell unfitted to endure the rude climate of New England, was a victim of that insidious disorder. But ere the close of her bright and brief career, she saw Catharine Clarendon again, and knew that she bore her no enmity, for her unsuccessful but generous and heroic effort to ensure her happiness. Beside the deathbed of his sister, Henry Roswell became interested in the once haughty but now humble beauty,—and in after years she consented to be his wife.

The subsequent course of the intrepid Sir Henry Vane, is recorded by worthier pens. His inflexible attachment to his principles, leading him to espouse the cause of the ecclesiastical, opposed even when their measures were not characterised by prudence, was at last the source of misfortune to himself. His popularity was wrecked even in the establishment of religious toleration, and he returned to his native land, there to maintain unshrinkingly the tenets which he advocated here. In the defence of the civil and religious rights of men, his life was forfeited; and the framer and suggester of the creed of "perfect religious toleration," which has since been adopted in our own happy country, sleeps in an unhonored grave.

Rustic Glen, Jan. 1841.

Plagiarism.

The person who surreptitiously possesses himself of the productions of another's mind, and endeavors thereon to build up a reputation for himself, is guilty of so mean an action that it would be difficult to find a comparison miserable enough for it; a reputation acquired by such means must be without solidity or strength, and totally unable to withstand the slightest shock with which it may be assailed; it is therefore of little or no advantage to its possessor, and though impudence and a prudent reserve may uphold it for a short time—that ill-founded and tottering structure, by successive detections and expositions, becomes so weakened—that cunning and effrontery are no longer able to support it—and, like a wall from which the bricks and mortar have been gradually withdrawn, it must eventually fall with a crash.

He who is destitute of the talent which is necessary to acquire a literary reputation, and too proud to acknowledge, but still wishes to enjoy it, and is possessed of sufficient meanness to pilfer from others what he cannot produce himself, is a hypocrite of the very worst kind—as he not only assumes appearances which do not belong to him, but at the same time robs the true author of the merit, which he alone is entitled to, and which is as much his property as his watch or any thing else which he possesses.

The career of a literary thief is so short, and so thickly beset with dangers, that it is a matter of surprise that this species of robbery should ever be attempted, as a continual dread of detection must seriously mar the temporary enjoyment of success. When a mere gratification of vanity is the only object sought after, the inducements are indeed trifling, when compared with the risk and odium of detection. If the manner of expression which an author uses, and the sentiments he utters should be admired, and if an object can be attained by a concurrence of sentiment expressed in the language of another, why should it not be as successful (if sincerely entertained) when the true author's name is known, as when it is suppressed? The former course would be infinitely more honorable and manly. No fears need then be entertained that it will ever be discovered that dishonorable means were used to attain the object; and, if success should crown the effort, its enjoyment would not be the less gratifying, because honorable means alone were employed to

The American Monthlies.

From the Knickerbocker, for January.

An Evening Reverie.

From an Unfinished Poem.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The summer day has closed, the sun is set,
Well have they done their office, those bright hours,
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red west. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it, the young twig
Has spread its plaited tissues to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air awhile with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother-bird hath broken, for her brood,
Their prison shells, or shoved them from the nest,
Plumed for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages with barky walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new born babe.
Graves by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out
And filled, and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it hath seen the maiden plight
Her faith and trust her peace to him who long
Had wooed, and it hath heard, from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.
Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quiet age.
Still the fleet hours run on; and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit,
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

Oh thou great Movement of the Universe,
Or Change, or Flight of Time, for ye are one!
That bearest, silently, this visible scene
Into night's shadow and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whither art thou bearing me?
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men—
Which who can bear?—or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,
Into the stilly twilight of my age?
Or do the portals of another life
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? Oh! beyond that bourne
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At that broad threshhold, with what fairer forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new, the eternal flow of things
Like a bright river of the fields of heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

From the January Knickerbocker.

Brock:

Or the Dutch Paradise.

BY GEOFFREY CRAYON.

It has long been a matter of discussion and controversy among the pious and the learned, as to the situation of the terrestrial paradise from whence our first parents were exiled. This question has been put to rest by certain of the faithful in Holland, who have decided in favor of the village of Broek, about six miles from Amsterdam. It may not, they observe, correspond in all respects to the description of the Garden of Eden, handed down from days of yore, but it comes nearer to their ideas of a perfect paradise than any other place on earth.

This eulogium induced me to make some inquiries as to this favored spot, in the course of a sojourn at the city of Amsterdam, and the information I procured fully justified the enthusiastic praises I had heard. The village of Broek is situated in Waterland, in the midst of the greenest and richest pastures of Holland, I may say, of Europe. These pastures are the source of its wealth, for it is famous for its dairies, and for those oval cheeses which regale and perfume the whole civilized world. The population consists of about six hundred persons, comprising several families which have inhabited the place since time immemorial, and have waxed rich on the products of their meadows.—They keep all their wealth among themselves; intermarrying, and keeping all strangers at a wary distance. They are a "hard money" people, and remarkable for turning the penny the right way. It is said to have been an old rule, established by one of the primitive financiers and legislators of Broek, that no one should leave the village with more than six guilders in his pocket, or return with less than ten: a shrewd regulation, well worthy the attention of modern political economists, who are so anxious to fix the balance of trade.

What, however, renders Broek so perfect an elysium, in the eyes of all the Hollanders, is the matchless height to which the spirit of cleanliness is carried there. It amounts almost to a religion among the inhabitants, who pass the greater part of their time rubbing and scrubbing, and painting and varnishing: each housewife vies with her neighbor in her devotion to the scrubbing-brush, as zealous Catholics do in their devotion to the cross; and it is said, a notable housewife of the place in days of yore, is held in pious remembrance, and almost canonized as a saint, for having died of pure exhaustion and chagrin, in an ineffectual attempt to scour a black man white.

These particulars awakened my ardent curiosity to see a place which I pictured to myself the very fountain-head of certain hereditary habits and customs prevalent among the descendants of the original Dutch settlers of my native state. I accordingly lost no time in performing a pilgrimage to Broek.

Before I reached the place, I beheld symptoms of the tranquil character of its inhabitants. A little cockle-built boat was in full sail along the lazy bosom of a canal, but its sail consisted of the blades of two paddles stood on end, while the navigator sat steering with a third paddle in the stern, crouched down like a toad, with a slouched hat drawn over his eyes. I presumed him to be some nautical lover, on the way to his mistress. After proceeding a little farther, I came in sight of the harbor or port of destination of this drowsy navigator. It was the Broeken-Meer, an artificial basin, or sheet of olive-green water, tranquil as a mill-pond. On this the village of Broek is situated, and its borders are laboriously decorated with flower-beds, box trees clipped into all kinds of ingenious shapes and fancies, and little "lust" houses, or pavilions.

I alighted outside the village, for no horse nor vehicle is permitted to enter its precincts, least it should cause defilement of the well-scoured pavements.—Shaking the dust off my feet, therefore, I

were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

"Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and were two silver rings in each, which they said were esteemed ornaments in their country. The men were black; their hair curled; the women, of which there were eight, were almost naked, and their only clothes a large old cloth garment, tied over their shoulders, with a cloth over each waist, and a piece of cloth tied round the head. They had no shoes or stockings. Some of the women had been sent to France; and, notwithstanding their poverty, they refused to accept any money for their journey, and got into their carts, saying, 'Au revoir, bonne gent, au revoir, au revoir.'"

The subtlety of these modern Gladiators cannot be sufficiently admired. They did not wish to alarm the country by coming at once in full strength into it, but sent a detachment, mounted on horseback as princes, to pave the way by their address; they then came a larger troop, in the true Gibeonitish condition, to double the popular consternation; and then they came in such numbers that gravity increased; and under these and similar pretences, they rambled over France for a whole century, when their real character being sufficiently secure, and their numbers daily increasing, they were banished by proclamation. The same policy was pursued toward them in the countries of Europe, if we except Hungary and Wallachia. In Spain, sentences of banishment being found ineffectual, in 1492 an edict of extermination was published; but they only skulked into the mountains and woods, and reappeared in a while as numerously as before. The order of banishment, executed in France, in 1561 by all governors of cities were commanded to drive them away with fire and sword; and in 1612 a new order to the same purpose was issued.

In 1778, they were expelled from the territories of Milan and Parma, as they had before been driven from the Venetian dominions, from Denmark, Sweden, and the Netherlands, repeated enacts, means were made for their expulsion. In Gaul, from the year 1100 to 1317, various similar laws were promulgated against them. Under these laws they suffered incredible miseries. They were imprisoned, chased about like wild beasts, and put to death without mercy; but, as the European states did not act in concert, when they were driven from one they found an asylum in another; and during this month they have been again gradually reappeared in their old haunts. The Empress Theresa, and afterward the Emperor Joseph II., seem to have been the only sovereigns who set themselves in earnest to reclaim and civilize this singular people: and we have seen that in Hungary some of them are gradually submitting to the regulations made by those wise monarchs.

Their introduction to this kingdom, and their after treatment were similar. At first they were received as princes and kings, and carried complimentary tale of their ingenuity. They had royal and parliamentary passes granted them, to go through the country seeking relief, as many of the parish records yet bear testimony. So late as 1647 there appears an entry in the constable's accounts at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, of four shillings being given to Sette Egyptians, traveling with a pass from parliament, to seek relief by the space of six months. But when this delusion was past, and it was seen that they had no intention of quitting the country, they became persecuted by justices of the peace and parish constables, as thieves and vagrants: and the rapid increase of numbers made during the war, tended to break up their haunts, and put them into great straits.

About twenty years ago John Hoyland, a minister of the Society of Friends, being struck with commiseration for their condition, began to inquire into their real character; and the account, as of Grellman being made known to him, he visited their encampments in various places in Northamptonshire, Hainault Forest, and Mile-end near London. He also sought them out in their winter quarters in London; and the result of his inquiries satisfied him that the English Queen were a genuine portion of the great tribe described by Grellman: that they possessed the same oriental language, speculative, of which he has given us his history. Mr. Hoyland would also ascertain what were the actual numbers of these people in England. They had been stated in parliament to be not less than 30,000. To what authority did not appear: but it was very evident that seclusion, and the severity of magistrates, had reduced their numbers. Probably many of them had emigrated. Norwood used to be their great resort, but its enclosure had broken up that rendezvous, yet it nevertheless appeared, that considerable numbers wintered in London, and at the earliest approach of Spring set out on their summer progress through various parts of the country, especially in the counties of Surry, Bedford, Buckingham, Hereford, Monmouth, Somerset, Wilts, Southampton, Cambridge, and Huntingdon.

Subsequent inquiries have shown that these people retire to other large towns in winter besides London, particularly Bristol. That in town their chief haunts are in Tottenham-court-road, Bainbridge-street, Bolton-street, Church-lane, Butcher-hedge, Tunbridge-street, Tothill-fields, and White-street. In Bristol, they are chiefly found in St. Philips, Newfoundland-street, Redcastor, and so far as Bath and Kent for several weeks in London, in April, May and June, they get work in the market gardens. In July and August they leave the Bristol and Kent for other round where they continue. Through September, great numbers of them find employment in the hop districts of these counties, and of Surry. They constantly encamp on the common near London. On Wimbledon Common, at Christmas 1831, there were no less than seventy of them. In the parish of Richmond, Greenwich, Wandsor, and all the resorts of summer visitants from town, the gipsy encampments may be found exercising their various of fortune-tellers. On this account many of them encamp about Blackheath, Wandsworth-heath, Lordship-lane, near Deptford, and Plaistow-marsh, near Woolwich. The Archbishop's Wall, near Canterbury; Staple and Wrington Wall, near the Mendip-hills; and Bracknell near Ascot, and New Forest, Hampshire, are great haunts: they also flock in great numbers to Ascot, Epsom, and other races.

Mr. Hoyland attended his researches to Scotland, and the most prompt assistance was offered him in his inquiries in that country. A circular was circulated in the sheriff of every county, soliciting, through the medium of an official organ, all the intelligence which could be obtained on the subject. It was found that the number of these gipsies in Scotland at all. From thirteen counties the reports were:— No gipsies resident in them. The most that there the number of these that they appeared there only as occasional passengers. The Border appeared to be their chief resort, and respecting them Sir Walter Scott, the plain Walter Scott, addressed a very characteristic letter to the author. His account of them tallies exactly with what he has stated in his romance. He and Mr. Smith, the Bailie of Kelso, agree in describing them as a single colony at Yetholm, and dispersed during the present winter. This colony appears to have acquired a character more daring an impression than the gipsies of England; in fact, to have become the terror of Border spirit: probably partly from example and partly from intercourse with some of the Border Smiths. Bailie Smith details the following instance of this spirit:—" Between Yetholm and the Border farms in Northumberland, there were formerly no most border enclosures, except cultivated lands, called the Plea Lands, or Debatable Lands, the pasturage of which was generally eaten up by the cattels and ragglemale on both sides of the marches. Many years ago, Lord Tankerville and some other of the English borderers, made their request to the David Bennet and the late Mr. Waterlaw, of Nisbet, that they would accompany them at a riding of the Plea Lands, who readily complied with their request. They were indeed to this, as they understood that the gipsies had taken offence, on the supposition that they might be encroaching on their pasture for their shelties, and cows, which they had held a long time, partly by stealth and partly by violence. Ten persons in each marauding party employed to keep them away; and at last Sir David obtained a promise from some of the leaders of the gipsies that they would not trespass on the Plea Lands.

"They, (gipsies) whom he found the most willing to come to terms, were the people at Yetholm. At first they were very quiet, but after they saw the English Chief had agreed not to molest them, they became more daring, and were taken in a case of disputed ownership with that which they claimed to be their own peculiar ground, it was with great difficulty that the most moderate of their number could restrain the rest from running down and taking vengeance even in sight of their own lord of the manor. They only obtained a decree in favour of their right, and remained for a short time, and no more. Sir David and the other gentlemen taken leave of each other in the most polite and friendly manner, but before which they were to do, some bonds were passed, and had departed to a sufficient distance, then the clan, armed with bludgeons and pitchforks, and such other hostile weapons as they could find, rushed down in a body, and before the chiefs on either side had reached their homes, they had committed more outrage than would have cost the value of the whole enormous rent. The old man set out by the nearest road, which was by no means his most convenient one, and left the rest to follow at their leisure. Next market day some of the farmers informed me that they had been in Edinburgh, and seen Will Faa upon the bridge (the south bridge) with a gang of his tribe, that he was sing about his old brown hat, and beseeing with great vociferation, that he had seen the laird before he died. Indeed Will himself had no time to lose, for having set his face homewards, by the way of the sea-coast, to try his teats, as it is called, he died on the road, by only just the length of Coldingham when he was taken ill and died."

No one can fail to recognise in this account the gipsies the Faas and Gordons of Guy Mannering, the desperate clan of Mag Merrilies and Dirk Hatteraick. Scott, indeed, informs us that his prototype of Meg Merrilies was Gurdon, an inhabitant of Kirk Yetholm in the Cheviot hills, adjoining to the English border. The Faas, of whom Gurdon was a member, were the lineal descendants of John Faa, who styled himself Lord and King of Little Egypt, and with a numerous retinue entered Scotland, in the reign of Queen Mary.

The difference between the English and Scotch gipsies was originally exemplified in Jean Gordon's own family. The English gipsies have generally had the policy to commit no capital of fence: but Jean's sons were all hanged one day in Scott, in the eighth chapter of Guy Mannering, says, their mixture with the Border people gave them a prouder feeling, quite alien to their usual character. "They understood all out-of door sports, especially other hunting, fishing, and finding game. They had the best and boldest terriers, and greyhounds, and the poachers for miles in winter the women told fortunes, the men showed tricks of legerdemain; and these accomplishments helped to wile away a weary or stormy evening in the circle of the 'farmers ha'.' The wildness of their character, and the indomitable pride with which they despised all regular labor, commanded a certain awe, which also not diminished by the consideration that these strollers were a vindictive race, and were restrained by no check either of fear or conscience, from taking desperate vengeance upon those who had offended them.—These tribes were, in short, the Parias of Scotland, living like wild Indians among European settlements: and like them, judged of rather by their own customs, habits and opinions, than as if they had been members of the civilized part of the community. Some hordes of them yet remain, chiefly in such situations as afford a ready escape into their native wilds, from pursuit and infection. Nor are the features of their character much softened. Their numbers are, however, so greatly diminished, that instead of ten score thousand, as calculated by Fletcher of Saltoun, it would now perhaps be impossible to collect above six hundred throughout the kingdom.

To be continued.

Modern Composers.

We have often wondered who the composers were of those numerous and delightful airs which assemble melodies. "*Jim Crow*" and "*Coney in the Holler*" could not have composed themselves and the composer to whom would have the credit for a produce for a month; and *amazing music*, which might raise the *dumping sculpture, poetry*, ing, *mutes*, and *literature of an empire!*

Mr. Chandler's Lecture.

The lecture of Jos. R. Chandler, Esq. on Thursday evening week, before the Carroll Institute, was one of his most pellucid productions. The subject was "Parental Duties," and the lecturer handled it with all that excellent sense, and pleasantness of manner for which he is so remarkable. Mr. Chandler is well known for his peculiar ability, in speaking on any subject relating to "home:" and the domestic duties and relations of life, and on this occasion he was more than usually felicitous, and his hands, more lately and impressive than ever. Such subjects, moreover, are peculiarly suited to the genius of the orator, and relations in life; and if every lecturer would thus devote himself to improving, instead of merely amusing his audience, the lecture would be henceforth would the system of lectures become.

Metropolitan.

The United States Bank has been for some days, paying specie, and the credit of the country generally remained. Owing, however, to the unconscionable amount of their notes in circulation, there has been but little specie paid out except at the counter of the U. S. Bank. Even there the demand for it is comparatively light, and especially among the holders of small notes, who would rather be apparently rich than really so. Many of these holders of small notes, who would rather be apparently rich than really so. Many of these holders of small notes, who would rather be apparently rich than really so. Many of these

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City News.

Another Murder.—Frazier, the colored man, who was so seriously assaulted and stabbed on Saturday night, in McDermott's Court, Moyamensing, died at the Hospital on Sunday night, from the effects of his wounds. Monday morning, the Coroner held an inquest upon the body, the jury returning a verdict "that the deceased died from wounds inflicted by a sharp pointed steel instrument." Teagel and Modere the two men committed to prison, the jury believed to be the perpetrators of the murder. Dr. Stilley on Monday, made a post mortem examination of the body, the result of which proved the correctness of the verdict of the jury. The principal wound, it seems, was in the abdomen, causing an internal effusion of blood into the cavity of the belly which produced death. The deceased was 23 years of age.

Theft, Profanity and Threatening to Kill.—Two young men named David Miller and William McLane on Thursday morning appeared before the Recorder charged each with stealing a quantity of boards from a lime yard out on the Schuylkill near Pine street, belonging to Enoch Walton, and the latter with threatening to kill one of the City watch, named Clark, who arrested him, and making use of the most horrid oaths and imprecations after being taken to the watch-house. The watchman testified that McLane, in threatening him, said, "I'll serve you as Rox (meaning John Rox, the murderer) serves men." Both the defendants were held to bail in $300 for the larceny; and McLane fined for profane swearing and held in $300 additional bail to keep the peace.

Mysterious Affair—*Supposed Murder.*—On Friday night last the neighborhood of Callowhill street wharf, was alarmed between 10 and 11 o'clock, by shrieks and cries, as of a female in distress. Search was immediately made by several persons, but nothing discovered. Next morning, search was again made, and a terrible picture presented itself. Blood was found in many places on the wharf, and on the wharf-log. In a splint in the latter, a woman's *apron-string* was discovered, and on the sides of the logs towards the water, blood was smeared in a considerable quantity. It appeared as if some woman had had her throat cut on the wharf, her body dragged strugglingly along, and thrown overboard.

Not the Man.—Thursday morning, considerable excitement was created and the office of Alderman Mitchell completely besieged owing to a rumor prevailing that Heffron who is supposed to have murdered the old man Johnson in the Northern Liberties, had been taken and was in the Alderman's office. The [illegible]

General News.

Loss of a New York Packet.—The packet ship Garrick, Capt. A. S. Palmer, went ashore early on Thursday morning during the fog, about 25 miles south of Sandy Hook. She was discovered about 10 o'clock by the Captain of the Schr. Palsey B. Blount, lying broadside on, and within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The passengers and crew appeared to be all gathered on the quarter deck, but no assistance could be offered to them, as the sea was exceedingly rough, and was making a breach over the wreck at the time. Another vessel passed the wreck a few hours afterwards, and was not able to discover any person on board. It is hoped they may have reached the shore in safety. A steamboat was despatched from New York by the underwriters of the Garrick, but it was supposed that no other vessel than a Pilot boat could reach her. She was owned by E. K. Collins of New York, and had six days later intelligence from Liverpool.

Daring Villainy.—In Providence, last Monday, about 3 o'clock, A. M. a servant girl going down stairs to make the fires, was attacked by two men, one a black fellow, the other with a mask over his face. They threw her on the floor, throttled her, and attempted to cut her throat with a case knife and afterward with a carving knife, but both were so dull that they did not accomplish it. One of the family hearing the noise, arose and alarmed the robbers, who fled, leaving behind them plate, clothing and other articles, they had collected. They carried away a gold watch and about $20. It is supposed that they entered the house in the evening, and secreted themselves in the garret from which they descended after the family had retired. The girl was not seriously injured and is in a fair way of recovery.

Melancholy Shipwreck.—The schooner John McClung, Capt. Freeman, of this port, foundered on the 15th ult., in lat. 30, lon. 79 6, on her way from St. Thomas. The captain, mate and four seamen took to the boat, and, after much suffering, arrived off Mosquito bar, East Florida, on the 18th, but in attempting to land the boat swamped and the four men were drowned. The captain and mate were well received at a fishing station, under the protection of the post of New Smyrna, and are fast recovering from the effects of their perilous disaster. The men were two whites, Jonathan Drake, of Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, aged 41 years, and James Chawsworth, of the same place, aged 30 years; and two colored, James Jones, of Pennsylvania, aged 46 years, and John Mills, of Lewistown, Delaware, aged 22 years.

POST

[illegible]ENT.

[illegible]NCE. FOR 6 MONTHS. } WHOLE NO. 1017.

HIRSTS' SEED WAREHOUSE South 4th st. east side, 3 doors North and 1 square South of Market street, Philad[illegible]

The subscribers offer for sale, the largest [illegible] lection of articles in their business to be found [illegible]

were lodged by the police at some distance from the city, at Chapel St. Denis.

"Nearly all of them had their ears bored, and wore two silver rings in each, which they said were inserted whenever a man married; the women wore short hair; their hair curled; the women, remarkably black; their only clothes a large silk or cotton garment, with their shoulders and arms bare. In fact they were almost naked. Their complexion, though very dark, was not black. Their features, notwithstanding their perfectly dark skin, were regular; their women what by looking very much like the handsomest of the Italian race. They were also extremely modest, and when they found they were observed, they concealed their faces with their hands; told the men to go away, and when they had gone, rushed naked into the sea, and swam, and played in it like otters, or rolling themselves about on the sand, like dogs, etc."

Such an exhibition of them modern Gideonites cannot be sufficiently admired. They did not adventure to alarm the country by running at once in full strength into it, but sent a detachment, mounted on horseback as princes, to pave the way by their tale of sufferings; then came a larger troop, for more formidable condition, to excite the popular commiseration; and that being done, their brethren were gradually increased: and when they had made similar pretenses, they rambled over France for a whole century, when their real character being sufficiently obvious, and their numbers daily increasing, they were banished by proclamation. The same policy was pursued toward them in all the countries of Europe, if we except Hungary and Wallachia. In Spain, sentence of banishment being found ineffectual, in 1492 was inflicted the extremest punishment of vanity—Morton

McMichael, Esq., in his late lecture, related one of M. Le Sac, a famous French dancing-master in Queen Anne's reign, who when he heard that the justly distinguished statesman and lover of literature—Mr. Harley, had been raised to an Earldom, exclaimed—Well, I wonder what the Queen could see in him. I taught him to dance for two terms, and never knew a more stupid fellow."

Akin to this species of vanity, was that of a shimsy sewsy in London, who when looking at Garrick with a sooty friend, and Garrick's point at him, Bill. You don't know what you may come to yourself." Those one Queen had been praised for her golden hair, that one had not; Dick's paint at him, Bill. You don't know what you may come to yourself." Those one Queen had been praised for her golden hair, that one had not; Dick's paint at head—and while a venal poet was offering incense to the majestic mien and lofty actions of another, a friend said to him—"be careful, lest by your flattery you compel her to rise"—and, how short she is."

Lucan, in his Pharsalia, implored Nero, when he ascended to heaven, to be careful on which side he sat, and let it by sitting to much on one side, to overbalance the Universe. All had heard of a dedication to "thunder and the First Consul"—and more recent had been given to Louis XIV.—to "him and the Deity"—the flatterer evidently and exquisitely giving the monarch the preference. Such was personal vanity and some of its effects. How much nobler was the conduct of Alexander, who when Aristobulus, the Greek historian read to him a panegyric on Macedonian conqueror in his expeditions—rented this monarch's victories over Porus to himself;—Alexander applauded him for thus endeavoring to excite his vanity, snatched the book, and threw it into the river.

Never Ask Questions in a Hurry.—"Tom a word with you."

"By quick, then, I'm in a hurry."

"What did you give your sick horse 'tother day?"

"A pint of turpentine."

John horrius home and administers the same dose to a favorite charger, who strange to say drops off defunct in half an hour. His opinion of his friend Tom's veritancy suffers in some what staggered. He meets him the next day.

"Well, Tom."

"Well, John, what is it?"

"I gave my horse a pint of turpentine, and it killed him as dead as Julius Cæsar."

"So it did mine."

Preaching.—A parishioner complained to his parson, that his pew was too far from the pulpit, and said that he must purchase one nearer.—"Why," asked the parson, "can't you hear distinctly?" "yes, I can, but still would get nearer." "Can't you not plainly?" "Yes, I can me perfectly well." "Well, then, what can be the trouble?" "Why, there are so many in front of me, who catch what you say first, that by the time your words reach my ears they are as flat as dish-water."

The Longest Payer on Record.—An old man riding over Putney bridge, turned to the servant and said:—

"Do you like eggs John?"

"Yes sir."

Here the conversation ended. The same man riding over the same bridge that day year, again turned round and said:—

"How?"

"Poached, sir."

Anecdote.—A worthy old sea captain of our acquaintance once took on board a large number of passengers and sailed from Boston for Halifax, bound to that country. On approaching our coast, Le ne usual sounded but found no bottom. "And dye ye strike first ground," inquired the master of the Irishmen. "No," was the reply. "And will ye be so good as to tell us?" rejoined Pat. "how near ye came to it?"

Good.—A girl was presented to James I. as an English prodigy; because she was deeply learned. The person who introduced her, boasted of her proficiency in ancient languages. "I can answer your majesty," said she, "that she can both speak and write Latin, Greek and Hebrew." "These are rare attainments for a damsel," said James—"but pray tell me can she spin."

A Stunning Charge.—An able judge was once obliged to deliver the following charge to the Jury :—Gentlemen of the Jury, in this case the counsel on both sides are unintelligible; the witnesses on both sides are incredible, and the plaintiff and defendant are both such bad characters that to me it is indifferent which way you give your verdict."

Thoughtful.—A merchant having sustained a considerable loss, desired his son not to mention it to any body. The youth promised silence, but at the same time requested to know what advantage could attend it. "If you divulge this loss," said the father," we shall have two evils to support instead on one—our own grief, and the joy of our neighbors."

Sailor's Politeness.—A sailor who had spent nearly all his days on the blue waters, and knew little of land gear, came ashore the other day, and in passing up street, saw a little woman going along with a large hand skeet; she met the old fellow up very politely, and offered to carry it for her, as he was going the same way.

Poetic's Pulse.—A young lady who had attended Mr. Broughton's lectures, on hearing him describe Pompey's Pillar, which she understood as being the Pillow of the great Roman—on hearing the text rose, expressed her surprise to a friend that it had not been called Pompey's Bolster.

Etymine.—A young lady, once concluded a long letter thus

I must cue to you again ere long je
remember told me an orbit story about
make you laugh I think you so ardent
short as all to be curious tail
poem till death parts both on us

The Parish Curse.—A notice was handed to a parson which stood in a corner that the next pastor could not preach that day, so he was of fasting clemence. The aspirant clerk, in a loud voice, read—Rev. Mr. H. will not preach here to-day, as he is engaged a fishing elsewhere.

A Good Retort.—A canceled young man, addressing himself to Dr. D——, said, "I am going to write a book on popular ignorance." "I know no one," said the Doctor gravely, "more competent to prepare such a work."

They were
that the gig
ation that t
London Metropolitan Magazine, for December
Original Poetry from other Pens.
had held a b
by violence, when I read Locke early enjoy,
employed by Mr. Hall, and one hunting heart.
David cap. one an absence in her eyes.
the ga. Of all the days of present joy,
hour on Of days of future bliss.
Then, ... would obey
epidemic to bright a world as this.

That poem—in the forty dreams I were,
David and the ... ... from my heart died.
is a really ... ...